Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 31 — EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1927. — NUMBER 52

Right of Way of Fire Trucks

STATE FIRE MARSHAL QUOTES LAW RELATIVE TO SAME.

To Chief of Fire Departments:

RURAL AND COMMUNITY FIRE TRUCKS—Local Fire Department officials operating community and rural fire trucks will be keenly interested in the following sections quoted from the 1927 Motor Vehicle Law. (Act 318, P. A. 1927):

64. Sec. 21. Exceptions to the Right of Waw Rule.

(b) The driver of a vehicle upon a highway shall yield the right of way to police and fire department vehicles when the latter are operated upon official business and the drivers thereof sound audible signal by bell, siren or exhaust whistle. This provision shall not operate to relieve the driver of a police or fire department vehicle from the duty to drive with due regard for the safety of all persons using the highway nor shall it protect the driver of any such vehicle from the consequence of an arbitrary exercise of such right of way.

65. Sec. 22 (a) Upon the approah of any police or fire department vehicle giving audible signal by bell, siren or exhaust whistle, the driver of every other vehicle shall immediately drive the same to a position as near as possible and parallel to the right hand edge or curb of the highway, clear of any intersection of highways, and shall stop and remain in such position unless otherwise directed, by a police or traffic officer until the police or fire department vehicle shall have passed. (b) It shall be unlawful for the driver of any vehicle other than one on official business to follow any fire apparatus traveling in response to a fire alarm closer than five hundred feet or to drive into or park such vehicle within one block where fire apparatus has stopped in answer to a fire alarm.

83. Sec. 40. (a) It shall be unlawful—for any vehicle to be equipped with or for any person to use upon a vehicle any siren, exhaust, compression or spark plug whistle or for any person at any time to use a horn otherwise than as a reasonable warning or to make any unnecessary or unreasonably loud or harsh sound by means of a horn or other warning device.

CHARLES V. LANE,
Assistant State Fire Marshal.

International in Importance

Few of us, who live in Charlevoix County can appreciate the significance, in Mexican eyes, of the flight of Col. Lindbergh from Washington to Mexico City. Heretofore, the great nation to the North has pursued its way with little effort to cultivate intimate contacts with the Mexican people. The Lindbergh flight, is, in a measure, a recognition of Mexico, and the wonder is, why we haven't paid more attention to our neighbor in the past.

That the modest, young American has captured the hearts of the Mexicans in the same manner that he has captured the imagination of the world, is apparent. President Calles, the government and the Mexican people have given every demonstration of affectionate friendship and appreciation of the undertaking. In fact the news dispatches from Mexico City, telling of the huge crowd that awaited Lindbergh's arrival, is the first such friendly story that has come out of Mexico for American consumption in many, many years.

As far as the Charlevoix County Herald is concerned this flight ranks high in importance not as an aviation exploit, but as an adventure in good will that pays big dividends. Our flying ambassador will yet take rank in American history as a worker for international understanding and friendship between the peoples of the world.

To Preserve Ferns

There are at least two very satisfactory ways to preserve maidenhair ferns. One is to dip the ferns as soon as gathered in perfectly limpid gum water. This should be done carefully. After allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange in a vase to dry. Another very good way is to put the ferns, when first gathered between two clean sheets of blotting paper. Lay between boards and press for a week or so.

Learning Practica' Thrift

A boy or girl who earns money in an agricultural or home economics club by poultry keeping, gardening or canning, or who carries out home projects through the vocational school, is learning thrift in a practical way. Such enterprises must not interfere with school work or good physical development, for these will increase the earning power and happiness later in life

AUSTIN HIGBY PASSES AWAY

Austin Higby, a well-known resident of this community for a number of years, passed away at his home in Johannesberg, Mich., Wednesday morning, Dec. 21, 1927, following an illness from heart disease.

Mr. Higby was born in Sandusky, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1856. Later going to Hillsdale, Michigan, where he grew to young manhood. He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Carney of Mecosta, Mich., March 19, 1889. To this union were born nine children of whom five survive:—Mrs. Edd. McClish of Gary, Ind., Ernest Higby of East Jordan; Cecil and Raymond Higby of Johannesberg, and Mrs. Ethel Hayes of Munising.

Besides his relatives and many grandchildren he leaves a host of friends to mourn his passing.

Mrs. Higby passed away at East Jordan, June 11, 1924.

He was a member of the Railroad Men's Relief Ass'n.

The remains were brought to East Jordan to the home of his son, Ernest Higby, where funeral services were held Saturday afternoon, Dec. 24, conducted by Rev. V. J. Hufton, pastor of the Methodist Church. He was laid to rest in Mt. Bliss cemetery beside his wife and daughter.

Would Correct Political Fault

DATE OF TERM OF OFFICE OF PRESIDENT, CONGRESS MAY BE CHANGED.

Washington, Dec. 27.—The senate judiciary committee has ordered a favorable report on the joint resolution of Senator Norris, Nebraska, for a constitutional amendment to change the date of presidential inaugurations and congressional sessions, it was learned today.

The resolution proposes that the president and vice-president be inaugurated on January 15 after their election, and that the terms of senators and representatives start on Jan. 2, after their election. Under the present system, there is a long wait between election and actual start of service.

Favorable report by the senate committee assures the measure a place on the calendar of the upper house where it is believed to have sufficient support for enactment. Similar resolutions have been passed by the senate at its last three sessions but always have died in the house.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

The Coconut Crab

There is a certain kind of crab which lives on coconuts The largest of the crab family he makes a home for himself among the roots of the coconut tree and lives conveniently near the source of supply. As much as a quart of pure oil is obtained from these crabs as a result of this coconut diet.

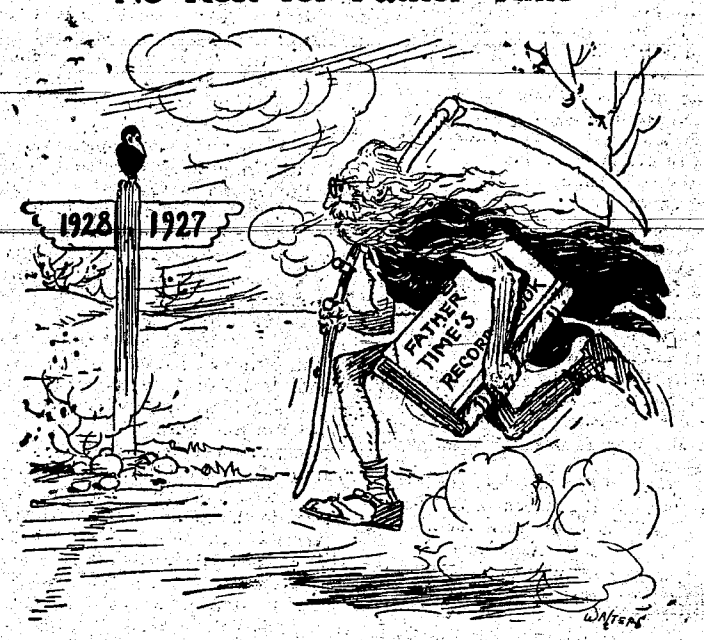
(© 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

MRS. DAVIDSON FLIES



Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation and Mrs. F. Trubee Davidson are really a flying family. Here we have Mrs. Davidson climbing into one of the army planes at Bolling field for one of her frequent flights over the national capital.

No Rest for Father Time



Michigan Happenings

How the storm-bound residents of South Manitou Island, where Mrs. August Beck resided most of her 72 years, held last rites for the woman without a minister or undertaker, five days after her death in Benzie County, December 4, was a story brought to Traverse City recently. On Dec. 6 a party of relatives prepared to take the body to the island but because of the severe storm, all turned back except Mrs. Beck's husband. After waiting two days for the storm to subside so the boat might go back for the minister and undertaker, the residents conducted the service themselves.

A new hotel of 1,500 rooms is to be built on the site of the Hotel Tuller, according to an announcement made at Detroit recently. The hotel is to be known as the Hotel Detroit, and the cost will be approximately $20,000,000. The hotel building is to be 35 stories in height and will be of Italian Renaissance design. Each room will be equipped with a radio. There also will be erected on the portion of the property now vacant, a 14-story garage and exhibition building, together with a large ball room.

An Ovid woman, whose name was withheld by Owosso police, was arrested in an Owosso store after stealing several cheap toys. She was released when she said she stole that her five children might have a toy for Christmas like the other children. She said she had no money to buy them anything and that they had implored her when she left home to bring some Christmas presents. A fund was raised to buy toys for the children and dinner for the family.

The Rev. Martin A. DeHaan, pastor of the Grand Rapids Calvary Reformed Church, and father of four children, has declined an increase in salary of $1,000 a year, voted by his congregation. His salary is $3,000. Informed of the congregation's action in voting the salary increase, the pastor said he preferred not to accept, for the present, at least, and that he would strive to continue to support himself, wife and family on $3,000 a year.

A reward of $500 has been offered by the Eaton County board of supervisors for the arrest or information leading to the arrest of two bandits charged with the slaying of Cleo Platt, aged 35 years, fatally shot at Charlotte recently while attempting to place them under arrest as suspects. Sheriff Horace W. Boorn believes that several oil stations robbed in central Michigan recently were held up by the thugs who shot Platt.

Clawson's oldest resident, Mrs. Sarah Warner, 112 years old, died recently at the home of Norman J. Bowen, where she had resided for some time. Mrs. Warner had lived in Troy Township for 85 years. She was born in County Down, Ireland, and came here with her husband 85 years ago. They purchased a farm in Troy Township and her husband paid for the property by selling the pelts of wild animals which he shot.

Three Saginaw boys one night recently, defied two armed men and invited them to shoot when they attempted to hold up a gasoline station there. One of the robbers accepted the invitation and Earl Herzberg, 17 years old, has a bullet hole in his right shoulder. The would-be robbers ran after the shooting without waiting to take the money.

Depositors of the defunct Carsonville First State Bank, which closed its doors in 1926, received Christmas presents in the form of checks calling for about 25 per cent of their deposits. R. J. West, attorney for the receiver, announced that about $65,000 realized from the assets of the defunct institution was distributed to the depositors.

State ferries operating between Mackinaw City and St. Ignace set a record for motor vehicles transported across the straits this year, it was announced at Cheboygan. A total of 93,768 automombiles were carried across, 2,444 more than last year. Ferry tolls were $289,712.

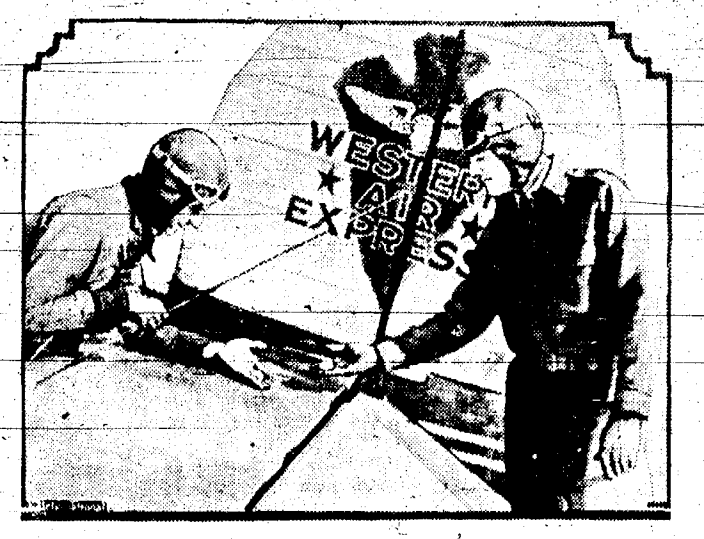
Mt. Clemens police, on orders of the city commission, have opened war on boys who kill squirrels with air guns and other weapons. It was said most of the large fox squirrels released six years ago in parks have been killed.

The Bad Axe council has refused to call a special election to vote on a proposal to permit Sunday theatre performances in Bad Axe. The council holds the state law covers the matter.

"Fire Tree" of Australia

One of the most extraordinary of Australian trees is the "fire" tree" which is common in New South Wales. When in full bloom it is a mass of flame-colored flowers, and looks like a tree on fire.

Won the Toss and Went to His Death



Western air express pilots, C. A. Burrows (left) and J. B. Taylor as they tossed coins in Denver to see which should pilot a huge mail plane on its first trip which ended, a few minutes after Taylor, the winner, made his take-off, in a burned and broken heap of wreckage, with the pilot horribly burned to death.

Opportunity for Young Men

There are young men in Charlevoix County who are looking to the future. They are anxious to select the channel of their life work. Really they are in earnest, and wish to ally themselves with opportunities for service as well as profit.

To them the Charlevoix County Herald offers the suggestion that they consider aviation as a field for their work in life. Today there are more good pilots than there are airplanes to fly but our advice to the young men of this county does not include the pilot's job, which, in the final analysis, is a job comparable to the chauffer of an automobile. The day of the Lindbergh's is not to last long.

There will be a great demand, in the future, in the engineering field, the sales ends and the advertising promotion. Big men are now planning to cash-in on the aviation age that is beginning. They will create large organizations, build airports, operate air lines and improve the machines. In assisting them lies many fine opportunities for present day youth.

The coach and four members of the St. Clair High School basket ball team were injured, two of them seriously, when an automobile was ditched by the driver four miles west of Port Huron, recently to escape collision with a freight train. The injured: Mandel Burkholder, 19 years old, lacerated arm. Suffering from shock. Cecil Fowler, 20, coach of the team, fractured collar bone and two fractured ribs. Chester Drouillard, 18, cut and bruised. Nelson Drouillard, 19, brother of Chester, cut and bruised. David Richter, 18, cut and bruised.

Dissatisfaction of the Pere Marquette Railroad company at Grand Rapids, with its accommodations at the Union station is said to be the cause of recent activities of agents, who are reported obtaining options on property along the west side of Grand River between Wealthy and Bridge streets, where a passenger station and railroad yards may be located. The proposed site would permit freight and passenger trains to be brought directly into the center of the city without the present inconvenience of switching and handling of the Pere Marquette cars.

Benjamin Purnell, or better known as "King Ben," aged leader of the House of David Cult, at Benton Harbor, is dead. His $3,000,000 religious colony was built on the faith that the chosen of Israel were immortal and that Ben would never die. His demise was kept secret for three days, while his followers awaited confidently for him to "rise" again" as the Christ arose on Easter morning. The undertaker and the doctor who attended were pledged to secrecy and none in Benton Harbor knew of the death of the self-styled Seventh Messenger.

William McAlroy, 30 years old, of Valley Center, and Clarence Weaver, 23, and Raymond Kern, 24 years old, both of Brown City, lay seriously injured for several hours recently beside the right-of-way following a collision between the automobile in which they were riding and a Pere Marquette freight train. Weaver and Kern, both unconscious, were found by men walking near the scene of the accident. McAlroy crawled to a nearby farm house. The trainmen were not aware that they had struck an automobile.

New York and Texas led all other states in contributing to the nation's exports for the second quarters of 1927. The commerce department in a study of sources of commodities shipped abroad for the period found that New York shipments worth $188,203,647, and Texas $113,087,116. Third place went to Michigan, instancing the great growth of automotive exports, the total for the state being $94,468,000.

In order to escape being run down by an interurban, Charles Tarchanowicz, 10 years old, and Joseph Klocki, 9, jumped 18 feet from the Michigan Electric Railway bridge in Grand Rapids, into the icy waters of the Grand River recently. Herbert Jakeway, motorman, and George Burr, conductor of Kalamazoo, rescued the boys by using a trolley rope.

George Hogarth, acting director of the Department of Conservation, has called a meeting of all district and assistant conservation officers to be held in Lansing the week of Jan. 9. The conference will be presided over by Mr. Hogarth. The officers, about 40 in number, will be given new instructions and will study plans and a program for future work.

Diners Entertained

Radio headphones attached at each table in a Vienna restaurant are said to have built mealtime business for the owner of the place.

Jackson Stores In Holdups

MRS. IDA PRICE, FORMER EAST JORDANITE, RELIEVED OF CASH

Two more Jackson business establishments fell victims to thugdom, one a drug store at 131 West Pearl St., last Wednesday morning, where a lone masked bandit obtained $40 and the other Tuesday evening, the George W. Atkinson grocery store, Fourth and West High Streets, where $125 was scooped from the cash till by a youthful robber.

W. H. Sewaell, 39, of 507 South Grinnell St., proprietor of the drug store, was alone in the store about 10:30 in the morning. Hearing a noise in the rear, he went to investigate and found himself facing a man who wore a black mask completely covering his face and neck.

Carries Nickle-Plated Pistol

Flashing a nickle-plated revolver in Sewell's face, he forced him to the cash register and there obtained a little change. Finding no more, he demanded Sewell's money, $40 which he carried in a pocketbook, forced the man down the cellar stairs at the point of his revolver and left by the rear door, Sewell told the police whom he summoned as soon as he could kick his way through the thin door and get a telephone.

Mrs. Ida Price, 506 Francis St., was also alone in the Atkinson store early in the evening when a fair youth, about 20 years old, entered and pointing a gun snapped, "Open that cash register and open it quick." He scooped up $125 in cash and two small checks, leaving the store and driving south in an automobile.

Later on, Floyd N. Snuggs, 17 yrs. old was identified by Mrs. Price as the hold-up man. A small revolver, confiscated by the officers was identified by Mrs. Price, also by a small mark on the youth's cheek—a mark about which she told detectives the night of the robbery. He wore no mask at the Atkinson store.

Smokers Help Government

Not all the money spent for tobacco goes up in smoke. Almost 40 per cent of the vast total goes into the treasury of Uncle Sam, and this percentage is increased in the few States that tax their smokers with a State stamp before they can buy what they smoke.

In the last fiscal year the devotees of the "noisome weed contributed $376,000,000 to the Federal Treasury. That is an immense sum, although only a small part of the estimated value of the tobacco manufactures in the nation. A people who are willing to spend close to a billion dollars a year for the pleasure of smoking ought to be able to pay for anything that becomes necessary. They hardly have the right to complain of hard times and high taxes!

The World War did much to make the cigarette and its spread has been universal. Women, too, have joined the ranks of the users to an extent undreamed of not many years ago. Even the doctors have, to some extent, foregone their dolorous complaints. In spite of using tobacco the Americans seemed to be hardy and energetic.

In 1919 tobacco manufacture stood sixteenth among American industries. Last year it had dropped to twenty-first place, although its increase in the years had been phenomenal. Evidently, some of those who smoke, work.

Odd Wedding Ceremony

One of the most curious wedding ceremonies in the world is that in vogue among a certain race of dwarfs inhabiting the Andaman islands. The two parties climb two flexible trees growing near each other, which an old man then makes bend toward each other. When the head of the man touches that of the girl, they are legally married.

Uncle Eben

"Save yeh money," said Uncle Eben; "an' be keerful what you do wif it after you save it."—Washington Star.

SHORT TALKS BY THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS

A California (Long Beach) mother speaks: "Only a mother who has passed through anxious hours of fear of croup can appreciate our feeling of gratitude toward Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It stopped Junior's dreadful hoarse croupy cough the very first night he took it and it was a great relief to see him drop into a quiet sleep. Since then, we have many times proven its reliability for coughs and colds." Good also for whooping cough.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Charlevoix County Herald

G. A. LISK, Publisher.

Subscription Rate—$1.50 per year.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Jordan, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

Mrs. Ida Hayner returned home from Pontiac, where she has been visiting her sister for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sutton and granddaughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton and daughter spent Christmas at Archie Sutton's.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Terry Barber.

Mrs. George Jaquays and daughter Marian, called Monday at Silver Leaf Farm.

The John Ingram home at Deer Lake has been quarantined for scarlet fever.

Mrs. R. F. Holmes came from Spring Lake to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pearsall for the holidays.

Miss Sidney Lumley was a Sunday evening caller at the Hayner residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Barber were at J. L. Sutton's for dinner Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Parks entertained Wm. Lewis and Elmer Lewis and family, Christmas Day.

Leda Woods of Munising who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pearsall, returned home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shepard spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Ida Hayner.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nowland were Monday callers at J. L. Suttons.

The L. R. Hardy and George Hardy families were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hardy.

Deer Lake school gave their program Friday afternoon.

Afton school gave a very enjoyable program Friday night, which was attended by practically everyone in the district. Christabel Sutton as a black mammy in "Ise gwine to tell Santa," John Guzniczak in "Fred's Christmas Shopping," ensemble singing of a Christmas Noel were features of the entertainment. Evelyn Hardy as the Spirit of Christmas and Virginia Martin as a Fairy were very pretty in white costumes. Robert Alwin was Santa Claus. The training given by their teacher, Conn Nowland was very evident as every child was almost perfect in his part.

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

Notices of Lost, Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, etc., in this Column is 25 cents for one insertion for 25 words or less. Initials count as one word and compound words count as two words. Above this number of words a charge of one cent a word will be made for the first insertion and one-half cent for subsequent insertions, with a minimum charge of 15 cents. These rates are for cash only. Ten cents extra per insertion if charged.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A Commercial 1928 Auto License Plate, near Advance, last Sunday. Owner may have same by inquiring of MISS E. NICE, at East Jordan postoffice. 52-1

LOST—Child's new black Shoe, size 11½, about a week ago, somewhere between Votruba's store and the Lumber Co. barn. Finder please leave at Herald office. 52x1

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

HOUSE For Sale, Cheap. Inquire of STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN Phone 14. 45-t.f.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Ten acres of land with good dwelling—hot water heating system. See on phone JAMES SECORD, administrator Estate Kate Webster. 48 t.f.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Dry Block and Buzz Wood—beach, elm, maple. CHAS. KNOP, Phone 178-F4, Route 1, Boyne City. 51x2

FOR SERVICE: O. I. C. Boar, "The Big White Hog," with good foundation. Charges $1.00, payable at time of service.—EDW. THORSEN, East Jordan, Route 3, phone 165-F22. 51x5

FOR SALE—HONEY in 60 Lb. Cans. RALPH LENOSKY, phone 167-F13. 50x3

FOR SERVICE—Registered Hampshire BOAR.—VICTOR LACROIX R. 1, East Jordan, phone 118-F3. 50x3

APPLES! APPLES! Apples.—A. L. DARBEE, East Jordan, 405 Second St. Phone 116. 45-t.f.

REPAIRS—You can get Repairs for any Stove, Range, Engines, Cars, Sewing Machines, Cream Separator, Plow, or any Farm Machinery at C. J. MALPASS HDWE. CO. 10-t. f.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Clare Staley of Charlevoix stayed with the Lyle Willson family part of last week and spent the day fishing on South Arm Lake.

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Flora at their home in Grand Rapids, recently.

A letter recently received by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust from their son Walter Faust from Lawndale, Calif., states they are doing fine and are having lovely weather.

Mrs. Mercy Woerful and Mrs. Bob Willson and son, of Muskegon came Thursday to spend Christmas with their father, George Jarman and family, also Mrs. Woerful's children, Phyllis and George Woerful, who are boarding with Mr. Jarman.

The Star school had their Xmas tree, Dec. 22nd, a very good crowd turned out. The program was splendid and everyone seemed to enjoy it very much.

Mrs. Perry Looze, Three Bells teacher, is spending her vacation at her home.

Bob Myers of Three Bells Dist. spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Myers, in Mountain Dist.

Mrs. Mary Manning of Detroit arrived Wednesday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. James Arnott of Maple Row Farm.

Mrs. Charles Kennedy of Hayden Park is helping Mrs. Billy Frank with her house work.

F. K. Hayden of Orchard Hill took a load of 21 people to the Star school Christmas tree and program, Thursday evening.

Richard Russell of Ridgeway farm has found a way to overcome the cross road drifts, he leaves his car at the D. Tibbitt farm from which place the road is kept open for car travel all winter.

Miss Audrey Orvis, of Charlevoix High School, is spending her vacation with the F. D. Russell family at Ridgeway Farm.

A very large crowd attended the Christmas tree and program at the Mountain school. All had a fine time.

Orval Bennett of Honey Slope farm took a large sleigh load of people to the Mountain Christmas tree, Friday evening.

Charles Arnott took a large sleigh load of people to the Mountain Xmas tree, Friday evening.

A very nice crowd attended the Three Bells Christmas tree, Friday evening. The program was very nice. All had a very nice time.

The County snow plow got to work Saturday and opened up the Peninsula roads, working nearly all night, so now cars are traveling again.

F. H. Wangeman has broken out the road from his farm, west to to the County road, with the tractor, so he can run his car.

Elmer Faust of Mountain Ash farm, broke a road across his field east to the County road, so he can get out with his car now.

Miss Goldie Boyer, the Mountain teacher is spending her vacation at her home on the west side of South Arm Lake.

Mrs. Florence Novotney, Star school teacher is spending her vacation in Charlevoix.

Geo. Jarman and Ray Loomis have broken a road across Fred Wurn's field, so they now can get out with their cars.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden and daughter, Arlene, and Robert Hayden of Orchard Hill motored to East Jordan, Sunday, and were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock and son, Burton. Cash A. Hayden was also a dinner guest.

Elouise Gaunt of East Jordan visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt from Wednesday to Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira McKee of Star Dist. spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Weaver and family in East Jordan.

Mrs. Ernest Bochman returned to Boyne City Tuesday, after taking care of Mrs. Billy Frank and the new son for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore and son, Ralph, and Mrs. Keiler of Boyne City called at the Billy Frank home Christmas to give that little new son the once over.

Mrs. Charles Fitt and daughter, Martha, and Mrs. Ben Martin called on Mrs. Billy Frank Monday.

M. M. Spark of the Boyne City Greenhouse brought Mrs. Billy Frank a beautiful bouquet of cut flowers, the compliments of Boyne City friends.

Bob Myers is helping W. C. Howe of Overlook farm put a new roof on his barn.

The Ferry at Ironton froze in Thursday night.

Wade Healey of Boyne City spent part of last week with the Charles Healey family in Star Dist.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Loomis of Maple Lawn farm were guests to Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey.

Lyle Willson plans to lead a horse across the ice of South Arm Lake, Tuesday. So far, only people have crossed.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hanson and family of the west side of South Arm Lake, were guests to Xmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Marion Jackson at the Quaker Oat farm, Breezy Point. Coming as far as the ferry with the team and crossing the ice on a hand sleigh.

Mrs. Stuart, proprietor of Quaker Oat farm, made a donation of money for the Community Christmas tree at Ironton.

The Community Christmas tree at the Church at Ironton, Friday evening was very well attended and a fine program was rendered.

Miss Margie Scott, and Bruce and Billy Sanderson of Mountain Dist. received very nice presents from the Community Christmas tree at Ironton.

Duncan McDonald of Three Bells Dist. has the splendid Jersey Bull of W. Sanderson, at his farm for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sanderson and family of Northwood planned to spend Christmas with Mrs. Sanderson's sister, Mrs. J. P. Seiler and family at East Jordan, but were prevented from doing so, because Mrs. Seiler and two of the children were ill with bronical trouble.

The Geo. Staley family is out of quarantine.

Ed. Guerin is helping Geo. Staley cut buzz wood.

Earl and Alice Stollard, who attend High School in East Jordan, are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Stollard at Pleasant View farm.

Miss Eula Arnott, who attends High School in Boyne City, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Arnott at Maple Row farm.

Alfreda, Ellen and Daniel Reich, who attend High School in Boyne City, are spending their vacation at their home, Lone Ash farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and family, and Mr. Marvin, of East Jordan, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston and family, Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt and son Ralph, and daughter, Mamie were guests to Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston and family.

G. C. Ferris went to Detroit Thursday, to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dietz and son motored over from Rogers City, Saturday to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald. They returned Monday.

Miss Dorothy McDonald, a teacher in the Owosso schools is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald.

Miss Nita McDonald is home from her studies at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Eva Beers of Chicago returned to her home Tuesday, after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Beers.

Mr. Mullet of East Lansing returned to his home Tuesday, after spending a week at the F. H. Wangeman home.

The snow plow has opened the road clear to the Ferry.

After being froze in since Thursday, the Ferry is again running.

Mr. George Hemmingway of Oak Park, Ill., proprietor of the Charlevoix County Nurseries, whose summer home is in Mountain Dist., sent $10 to the Star-of-Hope Sunday School to use for the Christmas tree, which was very much appreciated. Mr. Hemmingway is always very generous, both with money and time, not only at Christmas, but all the year through.

The Mountain school closed Friday for a week's vacation.

The Star school closed Friday for a week's vacation.

The Three Bells school closed Friday for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Grant Moore is so far recovered from her recent illness, to be able to drive out to town.

Dr. Deadman was called out Monday to attend a sick cow at the A. Reich farm.

Mrs. Elmer Faust of Mountain Ash farm, who has been very ill the past four weeks, is slowly improving. Her mother, Mrs. J. W. Hayden of Orchard Hill, is still with her.

Miss Edith Papineau of Boyne City is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Orval Bennett at Honey Slope farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bogart and son Clare, of Boyne City came out Saturday to spend Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett at Honey Slope farm. Mr. Bogart returned Monday, but Mrs. Bogart and Clare remained for the week.

The F. D. Russell family of Ridgeway farm, Miss Audrey Orvis of Charlevoix, and Mr. and Mrs. Marion Russell and son, Marion Jr., of Boyne City made up a dinner party with Mr. and Mrs. Mose LaLonde in Chaddock Dist.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis and daughter, Pauline of Gravel Hill, north side, spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Gene Inmann in Boyne City.

F. K. Hayden of Orchard Hill purchased a fine Guernsey cow of Joe Morrison in Boyne City, Saturday.

Geo. Jarman hauled hay from Knoll Krest to Gravel Hill, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn and son of Star Dist., Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Cyr and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wurn of Boyne City made a dinner party with Mr. and Mrs. James Arnott of Maple Row farm, Christmas.

Bald eagles were numerous about Petoskey and Little Traverse bay in the early days of this city's history, but now they are seldom seen. A crew of telephone linemen reported having seen two of these birds just west of Petoskey recently. One has also been reported at Harbor Springs.

If you wish to be independent keep money in the bank and so live as to be able to tell all your creditors to go to wherever you have in mind.

DEER CREEK DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. Tom Kiser)

Joe Martinek Jr., and George Carson were home from Detroit for Christmas. They returned to Detroit, Monday.

Beatrice Lanway spent part of Christmas Day with her grandmother Mrs. Pete Lanway.

Frank Kiser and family were visitors at the Dam, Saturday.

Ray Williams and family spent Christmas with Geo. Etcher and family.

News has been received that Joe Etcher of Boyne City, brother of Geo. Etcher and Mrs. Wright Carr, had been kicked in the side by a horse. At the present writing we do not know how serious the injury is.

Tom Kiser and family spent Xmas Day with Frank Kiser and family and Geo. Etcher and family,

Mrs. E. Lanway and daughter Beatrice, Mrs. Pat Holland of Charlevoix and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray were guests at James Murrays home Christmas Day.

Mrs. Joe Walker with son Morris, and daughter, Hazel, spent Christmas at Will Murray's home.

Mrs. James Murray and daughter, Isabel spent Monday with Mrs. E. Lanway in East Jordan.

News has been received from Mrs. Walter Moore of Flint, stating they have a boy, born Dec. 5th, and will answer to the name of Elmer Harry.

Andrew Franseth and son, Paul, were called to Royal Oak last Friday. The telegram stated that Jennie Franseth was in an auto accident there. How serious the accident was is not known at the present time.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. E. Miles)

Paul Stenke is hauling hay to East Jordan.

School has closed for a week's Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Miles spent Xmas at East Jordan with Mr. and Mrs. C. Strong and Mr. and Mrs. A. Miles.

MMr. and Mrs. Carl Moblo and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed and children, Elmer, Harold, Bobbie and Helen, all of East Jordan, spent Xmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ter Wee of East Jordan and Mr. and Mrs. John Wheelan of Ellsworth spent Christmas at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Steenhagen.

Art and Verne Walker are hauling kiln wood from Nichols Ranch to East Jordan Chemical Company.

RANNEY DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. R. Evans.)

Mrs. Mary Ellsworth and son, Carl of East Jordan spent Xmas at the Fred Martin home.

Seymour Burbanks and children called at the R. Evans home, Tuesday.

James Nice and family had Xmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. James Isaman.

Emmett Isaman and family spent Xmas at Lake Land, Florida.

R. Evans helped A. Barkley butcher a fine hog, Wednesday.

Mrs. N. Liskum with son, R. V., and daughter, Eunice, spent Xmas with I. Crawford and family.

Mrs. Wm. Hosler called on Mrs. I. Crawford, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Barkley spent Xmas with the former's sister, Mrs. Pete Lanway and family.

Russell, Gale and Cyral Gordan called at the Crawford home Monday evening.

Merle Batterbee is spending a few days with Raymond Chanda.

Miss Sadie Murphy who has been home for Xmas, will leave for Grand Rapids, Saturday to visit relatives until Monday, then will return to Oxford, where she is teaching.

Patrick Murphy will leave Monday for the M. S. C. at Lansing where he will take up a business course.

Mrs. Chas. Murphy received word from her brother, Roy Flora of Grand Rapids, announcing the arrival of a baby daughter.

Miss Leona Smith called on Francis Ranney, Saturday.

Miss Eunice Liskum who has spent Xmas vacation at home, will leave for Pontiac, Saturday, where she is teaching this year.

The man who is never through with his work has little to do.

This fellow, Lindbergh, seems to be all right even when in the air.

Newspaper publishers are the guys who put the "sing" in advertising.

Well, papa, it's only fifty-two weeks before you will be doing it again.

Don't try to keep up with your neighbors; let them keep up with you.

The busiest men in East Jordan as a rule, have time to be courteous.

Gone are the days when the advent of a stranger was an event along main street.

Paragraphers are proud parents; they can recognize their children miles from home.

The honeymoon is about over when your little jokes fail to produce that purring little, cute little, wifely laughter.

When the rest of the world sees that this country plans to build a larger navy it will see where disarmament is sensible.

NORTH WILSON

(Edited by Carl Bergman)

Carl Bergman drove to Ellsworth Friday and had his horses shod.

The Christmas program at the schoolhouse, Friday night was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hosler and daughter, Ruby, spent Christmas with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bergman and family.

Miss Olga Schultz came home from Big Rapids to spend her Xmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schultz and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley LaCroix and family from Boyne City spent Xmas day with Mrs. LaCroix's mother, Mrs. Fred Behling and sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Belhing and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Behling and family spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Behling.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Burdt of Alma, Mich., spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burdt.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bergman and son, Donald, visited Mrs. Fred Behling and sons, Monday afternoon.

William Spencer is moving on the old Richardson place.

Clarence Hosler started to drive team for Carl Bergman, Monday.

August Behling butchered 8 hogs Monday for W. A. Sack, sanitary meat market of Boyne City.

In School at Sixty



Mrs. Mollie Kaplan, sixty year old grandmother of thirteen children, at her desk in Public Evening School No 150, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

The Tiny Oyster

Oysters are so small when they are born that they cannot be seen without a microscope. After birth they allow themselves to be carried about by the water until they are a week or so old and then settle down in the bottom where they fasten themselves to rocks or logs. Oysters have been cultivated for at least 2,000 years.

(© 1927 - Western Newspaper Union.)

Despondent over the loss of his position at a sugar company factory in Alma, where he had worked for 20 years, Leon Joseph, 45 years old, evidently burned himself to death in a chicken coop at the rear of his home in Alma. His body was found in the ashes of the building. He had placed a large quantity of inflammable material in the coop.

Camp Custer's $52,000 building and sewer program recently authorized by the War Department is under way with a contract awarded to the H. C. Gove Construction Co. of Battle Creek. A lavatory will be erected and about three miles of sewers laid in preparation for next summer's C. M. T. C., which is expected to be the largest in history.

The reason for the delay in raising the curtain on the play, "A Mere Man," staged by the Imlay City Ladies' Aid Society recently, has just come out. A wondering mouse had the entire cast, composed of women, standing on chairs until a mere man came to their rescue and caught the mouse.

Mistaking a dynamite cap for a large nail, Harold Quick, 12, of Marshall, attempted to repair his wagon with it, and is in the hospital with the finger ends of his left hand blown off.

The death of Benjamin Purnell will have no effect on the carrying out of the terms of the decree against the House of David recently signed by Judge Louis H. Fead, of Newberry, according to Wilber M. Brucker, assistant attorney-general. The decree exiling Benjamin and Mary and placing the colony in the hands of a receiver was to have gone into effect about January 1, but attorneys representing the cult obtained a six-months stay from the State Supreme Court.

You can subscribe to this journal of debate any time after the New Year but why wait so long?

Community Building

Color Treatment of House Is Important

Just as light colors make a house appear larger, so dark colors make a house appear smaller. When a large house is surrounded by dense foliage which throws it in shadow, warm grays and tans provide an interesting treatment. Tall narrow houses look shorter and in better proportion when painted a light color with a dark contrasting trim. A two-color body treatment for the tall, narrow house is also good, though it is well to remember that light colors and dark colors are greatly accentuated when used together.

The upper portion may be painted a darker color, and a medium color used for the trim, will, if properly chosen, help to relate the two body colors. In selecting a color for the trim undue emphasis should be avoided on uninteresting architectural lines. This can be accomplished by keeping the trim color fairly close to the particular tint selected for the body treatment.

For instance, in a yellow house, a light cream trim would not overemphasize unpleasant structural lines; but should the house be green, application of this particular trim color would cause each individual detail to appear to the observer in bold relief.

Playground Seen as Aid to Child Welfare

More and more the great nations of the world are acting upon their realization that the strength of their future citizenry depends upon the welfare of the children of today and that fresh air and exercise are important factors in the development of healthy children.

Those who best understand the problems of child welfare realize the necessity of playgrounds for the children of the cities and are leading the movement to preserve these plots of ground for the children.

In England the duke of York, president of the National Playing Field association, is leading an intensive campaign to secure sufficient recreation grounds for the 4,000,000 boys and girls who, at present, have no place but the streets in which to enjoy their games. He has emphasized that the rapidly increasing population makes the immediate procuring of the property a necessity.

The ideal of the association is to provide a minimum standard of five acres for every thousand persons. Organizations have been formed throughout the country to support the work of the association.—Welfare Magazine.

Protecting Homesites

Reports indicate that zoning ordinances have been helpful in cities throughout the country in avoiding the blighting of districts and the unnecessary scrapping of buildings and costly public utilities that are still serviceable. The razing of a single block of dwellings and the scrapping of utility connections unsuited for altered occupancy usually involved a destruction of $100,000 or more worth of property, depending on the number and character of houses. Where the scale of such operations is reduced by a good zoning ordinance the annual savings, even in a city of moderate size, are very considerable.

Roof Needs Consideration

If you are planning to build or reroof soon consider the relationship of the roof to the home itself. Aside from the important fact that the roof is designed to protect all the interior contents, from an architectural viewpoint it represents approximately two thirds of the exposed (exterior) area of the building itself. Can there be any more logical reason why the selection of the roof—its color, as well as quality of materials, deserves the utmost consideration?

Zoning Idea Spreading

The report that 60,000,000 persons, representing more than one-half of the urban population of the United States, live under the protection of some form of zoning ordinances indicates the tremendous progress made in a comparatively few years. Yet there is much left to be done in this form of self-regulation to promote the greatest possible comfort, convenience and best interest of the greatest number.

Building in Beauty

Thoughtful homeowners everywhere are learning that the best way to achieve beautiful homes is to begin with the house itself. They build beauty in by selecting entrances and windows, doors and trim, stairways and cabinet work of good design. Then furnishing and decorating are relatively simple tasks and can be done as time and money permit.

"Save the Surface"

Enormous sales of paints, varnishes and lacquers show that the American people are learning the wisdom of the slogan, "Save the surface and you save all!" Although this was adopted as sales propaganda, it was but the veriest truth, and, as such, struck the common sense of the public.

Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN

Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co.
WNU Service

(Continued)

"Gracious. Don't let it make a prig of you, this job of superintending a lot of women teachers! It's enough to! I won't have you spoiled like that! But your suspicions—they seem rather fantastic, dear!"

"Yes," Marvin gave it up, "I suppose they do. May I see the photograph, p[hot]o[graph]?"

Mrs. Creighton pointed to a book on the table behind the couch.

Holding a "cabinet-sized" photograph near the table lamp, he examined it eagerly. It was the face of a girl of fifteen; short, curly hair, fine features, a sensitive mouth, a serious, rather melancholy expression.

Undoubtedly there was a resemblance—the same wide-open innocent eyes and sensitive mouth. And yet it was not definite or strong enough to be unmistakable, by any means. He could not feel sure. Far from it. What resemblance there was might easily be a coincidence. This photograph gave no suggestion of that vivid sparkle of his young teacher's face, her gay riot of color, her charm. It looked rather insipid. And yet—

"Well?" asked his mother. "Of course it isn't your young teacher?"

"I can hardly tell—I'm not sure—"

"But is there any resemblance?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes," he answered hesitatingly. "Yes, there is. May I keep this?"

"Of course. But, Marvin, the thing is too impossible!"

"I suppose so. Look here, Mother, when you call on Miss Schwenckton and see what you think about her? Notice her accent. Sometimes she seems to me to be deliberately disguising it!"

"My dear, what possible excuse could I give for calling on her? What she and the Schwenckton think very queer? I'd feel embarrassed!"

"Put aside from my little suspicion I want you to call on her just because she's so worth knowing. You'd find her a lot more your kind than that Quo Non Ascendus crowd!"

His mother's ears detected something in his voice, her swift glance saw something in his face, that caught her breath.

"All right, dear." Suddenly she turned to him and clasped his hand almost convulsively. "Oh, Marvin, dear, do you realize that if you took up with a county school teacher, a relative of Sam Schwenckton, that would be the last straw to your father! He'd never, never look at you again! Of course, I know that could not stop you if you loved—"

Marvin laughed. "Don't worry, dear! You're the only girl I've ever been in love with! What makes you imagine I'm going to take up with Miss Schwenckton?"

"Now perhaps," she said ruefully as she noticed that his face had grown



"Well?" Asked the Mother. "Of Course It Isn't Your Young Teacher—"

red, "I've just put it into your head!"

"Perhaps you have," he slowly answered. "Perhaps if she isn't our English cousin—"

"Which she surely isn't, dear! Living at the Schwenckton farm and teaching that school—Lady Sylvia St. Croix! Unthinkable!"

"Well, if she isn't—if she's just herself—she certainly is fetching! But if she's the something-more-than-meets-the-eye, that I half suspect, I wouldn't touch her with tongs!"

"But why? Isn't that unreasonable prejudice?"

"Not at all. If she's a tricky schemer, out after our money, she's not the sort of girl she seems to be—and it's only the sort of girl she seems to be that I might fall for—though I hasten to assure you I've no idea she'd fall for me!"

His mother laughed. She had never yet met the girl who, if given a chance, would not "fall for" either one of her fine sons. And, of course, with the additional lure of their millions, who could resist them? Surely not a county teacher of the Schwenckton breed!—though, of course, she must be, as Marvin insisted, far above her relatives or he could hardly find her so interesting and so presentable that he would ask his mother to call on her. Well, this certainly needed looking into! She would lose no time in calling on the young woman.

"I'm curious to know, Mother, how you'll size up Miss Schwenckton. Will you go to see her soon? On Monday?"

"What time will she be home from school?"

"School closes at four. By the way, to avoid the curiosity of the farmer's family, it might be better, perhaps, to call on her at her school just at closing time."

"I'll be glad to avoid the curiosity of the farmer's family," his mother assented.

So it seemed that our young school mistress was booked for something of a reception at her schoolhouse at four o'clock on Monday afternoon: Mr. Creighton plotting to visit her with the determination to bundle her out of the neighborhood, because he saw in her the final and strongest hindrance to his son's desirable marriage with Lady Sylvia St. Croix; Mrs. Creighton planning to discover, in the course of a friendly call, whether the girl were no other than she whom her husband desired as his elder son's bride, desiring it so urgently that he would stop at nothing to gain its fulfillment.

The stage was all set, it seemed, for a scene dramatic enough to satisfy even Meely's insatiable love of histrionics.

CHAPTER VIII

Meely's idea in addressing the county teachers on Saturday morning at their monthly institute was not so much to be instructive and pedagogical, as to be entertaining. So she chose for her subject "Shakespeare's Women." That title, while looking educational on the program would give her a chance to riot in a dramatic orgy—speeches of Lady Macbeth, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet—she would have the time of her life!

And as she would never see these women again she need not bother with her accent, which would be a great relief.

Meely had assured herself, before launching forth, that the superintendent was not present. And once she "got going," she was too transported from the world about her to notice, towards the end of the session while she was giving "the balcony scene," that Mr. Creighton had slipped unobtrusively and quite noiselessly into a back seat.

When, therefore, the meeting being over and she putting on her wraps, she suddenly saw him coming toward her across the length of the room, she was startled and rather perturbed.

"I've got my roadster out here—I'll drive you home," he stated.

She did not quite fancy this form of address; why didn't he ask her whether he might drive her home?

"Oh, I won't trouble you; the trolley will take me nearly all the way," she lightly dismissed him.

"But my roadster will take you the whole way."

"Thank you, no."

"But why?" he asked, surprised.

"I'm not going home. I think I'll go in to Sunbury and treat myself to a hotel meal and a cinema—movie," she hastily corrected herself.

"Good! I'm going to Sunbury myself. Have lunch with me, will you? I'll even go to see a—cinema—with you!"

In her pleased surprise at such a jolly invitation (for to be in Marvin Creighton's company was rather perilously exciting and Meely was lonely) she dropped her cool manner with rather startling suddenness and assented with childish delight.

The day was clear, the air delicious, the roads in good condition. Marvin's car delightfully easy and comfortable; and Meely, freed from school-room drudgery and, for the first time in weeks, from the atmosphere of the Schwenckton household, felt a sudden hilarious gayety, a tingling in her blood, such as she had not experienced since she had undertaken the serious profession of the teacher.

"Oh!" she laughed gleefully, fairly bouncing in her seat, "what a lark! It makes me feel young again!"

"Me, too!" responded Marvin, his eyes snapping. "Pedagogy could dry one up at the roots, couldn't it? I," he conscientiously added, "one didn't fight to keep it a living thing."

"I try not to take it too seriously," said Meely.

"A shockingly imprudent thing to admit to your superintendent! I suppose," he remarked ironically, "you look upon your work merely as a stepping-stone to something else?"

"Oh, dear, yes! I don't expect to be a school teacher all my days! Gracious!"

"A stepping-stone to marriage, I suppose?"

"What a good guesser you are! But why be high-hat about that? Woman's place is in the home, isn't it?"

"It's not been for the past ten years. You are a back number!"

"You surprise me. I thought I was ahead of my times, because," she said with sad conviction, "I'm sure I couldn't make any man happy if I had to do his housewor-r-k."

"Will you tell me," he inquired in a tone of dulcet gentleness, "why you adopt a Pennsylvania accent when you talk to me and an English accent when you recite Shakespeare?"

"Oh," she lightly responded, "that's just my platform manner—I've acted quite a bit—"

"Professionally?" he demanded, startled.

"Both in private theatricals and professionally."

"What, then, made you ever turn to teaching?"

"Working my way to Hollywood."

Marvin looked rather staggered, for this knocked out his suspicion as to who she was and put a very wet blanket indeed upon a hope he was half consciously cherishing.

"Do you think," he asked somewhat stiffly, "it's right to use our schools as a stepping-stone for your ambitions?"

"I'd use every school in this county for my ambition if I'd the chance to!—and all the trustees and even the superintendent himself. Now throw me out of your car! Take my job from me if you think me base and unprincipled! I don't care! I've nearly enough money saved anyway to get to Hollywood. Anyway, I believe I could get there sooner by cooking my way out—cooks earn so much more than college presidents in America!"

"Do your parents uphold you in this ambition of yours?"

"Now you are a back number!—parents' influence having passed out eleven years ago."

"Your parents are living?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

A perceptible pause. "Reading Pennsylvania."

"Any brothers and sisters?"

"No—my only brother was killed in the World war and—" She stopped short; she had spoken impulsively. Marvin wondered whether emotion for her slaughtered brother—or something else—had checked so abruptly her statement of a coincidence.

He would test her a bit. "That's odd," he remarked. "I have an English cousin whose only son was killed in the World war and his only other child is a daughter about your age!"

"What's odd about it?"

"Rather a coincidence, don't you think?"

"Why, no. There must have been thousands of such coincidences, surely."

"My cousin is a baronet, Sir John St. Croix, and his son's death left no heir to his title; so that it would have died out with him, but that the king conferred on his daughter, Sylvia, the title of baroness and the right of continuance of the title in direct line, so that her oldest son will bear the title of baron."

As Marvin stated these facts, his efforts to watch his companion's face rendered his driving rather eccentric.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "is that the English titled lady they say around here you refuse to marry?"

Nothing could have been more impersonal than her tone—though he noted that her cheeks were flushed.

"Has that gossip reached you?"

"Couldn't have dodged it!" she smiled.

"By the way, I believe you told me the first time I met you, didn't you, that you'd been 'tilted'?"

"Only once."

"What for?"

"That's what I'd like to know! Can you understand a man's deliberately and of his own free will and choice losing the chance to annex me for life? Why," she abruptly inquired, "did you jilt your cousin, that baroness?"

"I didn't. I was never really engaged to her. Our parents had a sort of understanding—"

"Did the noble lady fall in with it?"

"I never heard that she objected."

"Then don't you think you rather let her down?"

"Not so much, in my opinion, as a mariage de convenance would let her down! Anyway, my brother, whom she'll probably find much more to her taste, is going to marry her."

"Is he?"

"If she'll have him."

"And you think she will like him better than you?"

"If you'd ever met him you wouldn't ask!"

"Oh, why?"

"He's a ladies' man—has prettier manners than I have and better clothes."

"Some girls don't care for 'a ladies' man.'"

"Well, if she turns him down I might begin to be interested in her myself."

"Why?"

"If she could be so disinterested. My brother has a big income from my father. I have only what I earn."

"You haven't a very high opinion of girls, have you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"You seem to think they've no sense preferring manners and clothes to—a man!"

Marvin felt a tingling sensation along his arm that made it difficult for him to keep his hand on the wheel. Such an urgent pull was on it to snatch her to him and kiss the lips that paid him such a tribute; he was not used to compliments from girls—because he was not used to girls at all.

But the necessity, at this moment, of finding a parking spot in front of Sunbury's best hotel prevented his replying.

"I've been wondering," Meely said,



Marvin Felt a Tingling Sensation Along His Arm That Made It Difficult for Him to Keep His Hand on the Wheel.

as their waiter arrived with oysters, "are you going to make this educational job your life work, Mr. Creighton? Or are you 'using it as a stepping-stone' to other ambitions?" she wickedly suggested.

"Have you any idea," he seriously replied, "how hard it is to find a job an honest man can do? Pledge yourself to absolute honesty in this world and you'll starve to death or rot in jail! Public school positions are political jobs controlled by a bunch of exploiters. Show me one profession or business in which a man can be entirely honest. The church? It is to smile—ask any pastor! Journalism? Ask John Swinton, one of America's most beloved journalists. Medicine? Read Arrowsmith! The law? Ask Judge Lindsey! Teaching? Ask Scott Nearing!"

"Well, what is one to do about it?"

"Darned if I see any solution for a fellow that was born with a twist like mine!"

"Most people born to great riches as you've been, certainly are not troubled with your difficulties, Mr. Creighton! I've always been poor, so I can't quite feel your plight."

"All my life I've felt bitterly the hoggishness of our family's living in luxury on the labor of others who live on the ragged edge of poverty."

"You take life as seriously as I did at sixteen! Grow up and be a cynic like me, then you'll be happy, though rich. Can it matter to the vast universe how we worms on this tiny earth behave?"

"Not to the vast universe—but to us while we're here. Got to have traffic laws, you know, unless you can get off the high road to a road no one else uses; where, of course, you'd have a right to drive yourself to death if you wanted to. But can you find such a road? Can you—"

His voice trailed off into silence as he sat staring at her absently; for while he had been talking he had become conscious, as he looked at her, of seeing a face within a face—the childish face of that photograph of his English cousin looking out at him from the mature, intelligent countenance of this young woman.

That photograph was at this moment in his inside breast pocket. An almost irresistible temptation seized him to take it out and compare it with the living face before his eyes. Or to suddenly confront her with it and note the effect.

"Why on earth do you keep staring at me like that?" she inquired in astonishment.

He came to himself with a short laugh. "Well, I've seen worse chromos than your face!"

"Oh, don't be so impersonal!"

They laughed gayly as, having finished their luncheon, they rose to go out to their waiting car.

CHAPTER IX

Four o'clock on Monday afternoon, at which hour Meely, though not aware of the fact, was booked for something of a reception at her schoolhouse, found her dismissing her pupils with almost frantic expedition, that she might be alone to answer a letter she had received that morning, which cried, or rather shrieked, for an answer; and not a moment had she had all day to write it. Her mother was in need—distressing need—her own dear mother! So, the little sum which, in the few months of teaching, she had amassed toward her trip to Hollywood, must be sacrificed and the trip indefinitely postponed.

She had been writing rapidly for only a few minutes, however, when her ear was caught by the sound of a car stopping outside the schoolhouse.

Marvin Creighton? Even he was unwelcome while her letter remained unwritten—and she would have to tell him so.

A knock on the door which one could not have called hesitating. It was, on the contrary, peremptory. Followed immediately by the entrance of an elderly, ruddy-faced, white-haired man who seemed, on sight, an anachronism in this schoolroom, for Meely saw at once that he was a prosperous-looking gentleman of a rather courtly bearing. Not one of the school trustees—she had met them all. Not the father of one of her Pennsylvania Dutch pupils—this was a man of the town. Suddenly her heart began to beat faster. No one else about here could possibly look like this except—yes, it must be—the elder Mr. Creighton!

What on earth did he want?

He came to the platform and, as she rose, he held out his hand. His manner, though courteous, was distant, and his countenance grave and rather forbidding.

"This is Miss Schwenckton?"

"Yes?" she said interrogatively.

"Mr. Creighton," he introduced himself. "I'm glad I find you still here; I was afraid you would have gone."

"You wanted to see me?" was her rather superfluous question. Her heart was quaking and she made a desperate effort to get herself in hand. The man looked formidable!

Drawing a chair to the desk, he motioned her to be seated and sat down beside her.

"I am planning a little gift to this school, Miss Schwenckton, A Christmas gift. Electric lights. I wanted to ask you when the men can work in here without interfering with you?"

She placed a blotter over her letter, which lay under his very eyes. She did not believe this electric light stuff; he needed an excuse to come here to see her. What for?

"The schoolhouse is empty every day after four," she replied, "and all day Saturday."

"Any day after four?" he reflected. "The schoolhouse is always empty after four?"

"Today is an exception. I stopped to write a letter."

"Ah, to write a letter?" he repeated, and she heard the skepticism in his tone. "Then you're not in the habit of receiving visitors after school hours?"

"You're my first."

"Now you surprise me! I was under the impression that—er—my son sometimes visited you here after school hours!"

He looked so coldly disapproving as he spoke that Meely never for an instant supposed he referred to his elder son, whose visits, being strictly professional, would, of course, be beyond criticism. It must be that some garbled rumor of her intimacy with St. Croix had reached the man and he was here today to put a stop to it! But how exciting! What would he do about it? Try to bribe her, buy her off? Oh, surely that sort of thing was only a "movie" device. It didn't really happen; she had never in the whole course of her life met any one who had "bought off" any one or who had been "bought off." If only she could have known he was coming, she would have made up for the part; rouged and powdered like a real "tough"; enhanced her price, as a menace to St. Croix. Why, she could have made herself look so dangerous Mr. Creighton would have paid anything to be rid of her—enough to finance her needy family for a year perhaps, while she worked herself in at Hollywood. But the way she was looking just now, he must be finding her perplexing. That was why, probably, he seemed so dazed; he had heard she was a common little hussy and he found her looking respectable; as respectable as his own wife!

Mr. Creighton was indeed feeling as dazed as he looked—for hadn't St. Croix told him that the girl was illiterate, vulgar, talked the dialect of the county?—and here was a girl who looked not only like a lady, but whose sophisticated bearing and perfectly good English so astonished him that for the moment he was disconcerted; a sensation to which he was, for the most part, a stranger. The bare idea of suggesting to her that he would buy her off, pay her to go away, turned him cold. He had no least difficulty in understanding Marvin's "falling for" her.

"I'm not mistaken, am I, in taking you for the teacher?" he asked.

"I'm the noble martyr," she admitted. "Don't I look it?"

He checked the gallant retort which rose involuntarily to his lips; he'd spoil everything if he didn't watch himself—the girl was fetching.

Their attention was caught at this instant by the noise of another motor stopping before the schoolhouse.

Meely thought with a thrill, "What a situation if Marvin walks in here and finds his father warning me off St. Croix! Oh, cricky!"

She was puzzled by the accusing look with which Mr. Creighton was regarding her—did he think it was St. Croix' car out there?—and she had just denied that she ever had visitors here at her school! No wonder he looked at her accusingly!

And now, as at this instant they heard the car start away again, the accusation in her inquisitor's gaze deepened; for Mr. Creighton was sure that it was seeing his father's car at the door that had made Marvin drive on. The girl was a liar and a schemer. In the very act of waiting here for his son, she had denied that she ever remained here for visitors! If she had not a guilty conscience, if in her relations with Marvin there were nothing to hide, she would not, of course, find it necessary to lie. A dangerous wench! Marvin could thank his father for saving him from her, Mr. Creighton felt ruthless.

With his usual directness he came to his point. "You were expecting my son? That was, of course, his car that stopped here and then, at sight of mine, drove on—wasn't it?"

"Not being an adept at seeing through a brick wall, Mr. Creighton, I don't know."

Her evading a direct answer to his every question only confirmed him in his darkest apprehensions.

"Miss Schwenckton," he said abruptly, "I would make it worth your while to resign from this school and go away."

"Away from your son, Mr. Creighton?" she inquired pleasantly.

"Exactly."

"But in these days of airships whither can I flee that he cannot follow? If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, or ascend up into heaven, or make my bed in hell—"

"What is it worth to you to get out of this neighborhood and stay out?"

"Well, not being very experienced in these transactions—"

"'Not very experienced'!"

"Not very," she imperturbably repeated, "so I'll have to ask your advice. What's the most I ought to ask? I want to do as well as I can for myself, of course."

"Come, Miss Schwenckton, I'm serious—please don't try to play the fool with me! You must know that I could get rid of you less expensively. A few words from me to your trustees, and you would lose your position. But I've no desire to injure you. I prefer to help you—"

"Help me out of the neighborhood?"

"I'll amply compensate you for the loss of your school and something substantial over."

"You really and truly are offering me money to give up this darned school and go away?"

"I am."

"But," she exclaimed, a glad surprise coming into her eyes, "this is the first time in all my life that I've had money thrust at me! Will you give me any amount I ask?"

"Of course not—you'll have to be reasonable," he protested, feeling shocked that a girl who looked like this should after all be sordid and unprincipled.

"Just what would you call reasonable, Mr. Creighton?"

"Name what it's worth to you to leave and then I'll answer you."

"Well, then, let me see—well, I'll take my railroad fare to Hollywood and enough more to support me (and my family) for six months while I'm convincing the picture makers at Hollywood what a gold mine I'd be for them."

"Your family? You're not going to tell me you have some children to support?"

"No, I won't go so far as that. Only some parents. Two helpless little parents."

"If I give you a check for five thousand dollars, when will you leave?"

Meely caught her breath. The sum seemed vast to her. A thousand pounds! It would liberate her from this schoolroom prison, relieve her mother's needs and waft her to far-away California with a sense of ease and security such as she had not known in many years!

"If you will sign this statement, giving up all claims upon my son—"

He took a folded paper from his breast pocket and laid it on the desk in front of her, pushing aside the letter she had started to write to her mother.

"All right," she answered him gayly.

(Continued on Last Page)

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND



For All Coughs and All Ages
Safe and Reliable
Children like it. Mothers endorse it. All users recommend it.
ASK FOR THE LARGE SIZE A REAL ECONOMICAL BUY
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED EVERYWHERE

HITE'S DRUG STORE

SULPHUR CLEARS A PIMPLY SKIN

Apply Sulphur as Told When Your Skin Breaks Out

Any breaking out of the skin on face, neck, arms or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur. The pimples seem to dry right up and go away, declares a noted skin specialist.

Nothing has ever been found to take the place of sulphur as a pimple remover. It is harmless and inexpensive. Just ask any druggist for a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

Overnight End COLDS

Stop a cold before it stops you. Take HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine. Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Insist on HILL'S. Red box, 30c. All druggists.

HILL'S
Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

Practical Costume for General Daytime Wear



A practical costume for general day time wear through the winter is this smart sweater costume worn by Aileen Pringle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

The skirt of beige cashmere is box plaited and the striking sweater has the basic color of beige, with a formal pattern of yellow, brick red and black. The V neckline and cuffs are banded with the same beige cashmere of the skirt and a narrow belt of this material encircles the waistline.

Note the smart old gold jewelry so fashionable today which is worn as accessories with this costume.

Truth's Slow Progress

Truth is said to be eternal; it is well it should be, for error so far outstrides its stately steps that we might therein fear whether truth would finally overtake it.—Jefferson Davis.

MIKADO



Louise Rice, world famous graphologist, can positively read your talents, virtues and faults in the drawings, words and what nots that you scribble when "lost in thought".

Send your "scribblings" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mikado head, cut from a box of Mikado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK CITY

RED PEPPER FOR RHEUMATIC PAIN

Red Pepper Rub takes the "ouch" from sore, stiff, aching joints. It cannot hurt you, and it certainly stops that old rheumatism torture at once.

When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any good druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.

Ouch! Lumbago Pain! Rub Backache Away

Instant Relief with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Kidneys cause Backache? No! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on your painful back and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist and limber up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

Rub old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains, as it is absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

A New Year Decision

by Katherine Edelman

IT WAS to be a wonderful New Year for the Feltons. At least, it would be for Blanche Felton, but Raymond Felton, her husband, was not quite so sure about the matter, although he never breathed his doubts to a soul. Their new residence on Allan street was all finished and they were to move in before the New Year.

Blanche was excited beyond measure; she would have the finest home of all her friends; for the new house, planned to be a rather moderate home in the beginning, had somehow developed into a rather pretentious structure. That this had been all due to her, Blanche had never stopped to think, and Raymond, easy-going and adoring Blanche as he did, never told her. He wanted her to be happy and this had really been the first thing he had ever seen Blanche so set upon; up to now she had always been very moderate in her demands. And she deserved a fine home, if ever a woman did!

But Raymond Felton was worried. He confessed to himself that he could not figure out exactly how they were going to keep the place up. He must try and make some extra money in the next year. But how? he asked himself.

At home Blanche was singing loudly as she went about her work. It was two days after Christmas and she was packing all the little odds and ends about the house preparatory to the big move. A loud ring at the doorbell brought her downstairs. Outside stood a man and woman, strangers to Blanche. They stated their mission as soon as they entered. Somebody had told them about the new house on Allan street and they wondered if there was a possibility that it was for sale. Mr. Gray was coming to town as manager of the big Delmar company, and as they had quite a family they needed a large home and were willing to pay a good price. They had



Demand That a Certain Bill Be Paid Immediately.

already looked all over town and could find nothing to suit their needs.

Blanche told them that the house was not for sale; that they had built it for their own home, and that there was nothing like it in town. She talked at such length and aroused their interest in so many of its new features that Mr. Gray asked her if he might take a look at the plans. Flattered by his interest, Blanche said she would get them. She remembered that Raymond had put them away a few days ago, saying that he was putting them with all the papers. Blanche guessed that he had put them somewhere in his big desk and she was right in this surmise. They were enclosed in a huge envelope with a host of other papers, some of which fell out when she drew out the plans. Stooping to pick up the scattered papers, she looked hastily at the first one and her face flushed as she read. It was an almost rude demand that a certain bill for material be paid immediately. Picking up another one, she was shocked to see that it was almost of the same type. The third paper was in Raymond's writing, and though Blanche knew little of business she could see that he had been trying to figure out ways and means to make his income do the impossible. Then understanding dawned upon her, and with it an added rush of love for the man who had been willing to do so much for her. "Poor, dear Raymond," she whispered, "how selfish and blind I have been."

Mr. Gray was charmed with the plans and again asked if there was any chance that they might change their mind. This time Blanche said she would think it over and asked them to call that evening and talk with her husband. Before their coming, however, Blanche herself talked it over with Raymond and told him that she was not so keen about the house after all—that it would entail too much work and too much worry—and that instead they would fix up their own cozy little place a bit and buy some of the things they both wanted.

Raymond entered into the New Year minus the load of worry he had been carrying and Blanche and he were very happy in their old home, and, woman-like, she was proud of the neat profit they had made in selling the new house over which she had taken such pains.

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Passing of Time



ALONE WITH THE FIRE ON NEW YEAR'S

by Helen Gaisford

"'WAY!" grumbled John Martin, and pulled the bedclothes closer around him.

Partly visible in the curtained room, the littered dressing table, tumbled bed and carelessly discarded clothing bespoke a late and hurried retirement. Beside the bed, in the deepest shadow, stood his wife, half-clothed. She shook him gently.

"Come, dear, wake up," she urged. "It's nearly noon, and you promised to take us out to see Father today. See, it's broad daylight," and she drew back the curtains. The hard glare of a midwinter morning focused on the waking man. "There! That's better."

"Darn shame," her husband complained, as he rose. "Up all night celebrating, and then can't even sleep on New Year's morning."

Evelyn Martin smiled, but it was several minutes before she spoke again. "You don't really mind going out to Father's today, do you, dear? I wouldn't insist, but we didn't get out Christmas, and I mustn't let the season go by without seeing him at all. I have the presents all ready, and we can drive out in no time."

"That's all right. Always did like the old gentleman. Lot of useless trouble, though. No reason on earth why he shouldn't live here with us."

"I know, but he is so used to the old home. He says he is more lonely here with us, and I think I can understand. I'm home so little, anyhow, and there he knows every nook and cranny, and that housekeeper is just a jewel. I'm going out there more often, too, this year. I'll make that New Year's resolution, John. Now that the children are older—and, by the way, I'm dropping the Woman's club this year—I'll have more time to spare." She surveyed herself in the mirror approvingly. "Well, I'll go down. Hurry, so we can start early."

In what had once been the well-to-do section of a neighboring town stood the "old home" of Evelyn's childhood. Changes had been made inside the rambling house; too, but they consisted of the modern comforts and conveniences with which a wealthy daughter chose to honor her father.



Only the parlor remained unchanged, with the old portraits on the walls, the roses painted on the ceiling, and in one corner the music box that had once been (and still was) its chief pride. Its sole window, which overlooked the neglected yard, was enclosed by reddish-brown portieres.

A grate fire added to the dim light and spread a red glow over the two figures just entering the door. The one, a feeble, gray-bearded man, was leaning on the strong arm of a kindly-looking and interesting young woman.

"See, sir," she remarked. "I've built you a nice, warm fire that will burn all afternoon. Now wait while I fix your chair for you."

"Thank you, Marie," the old man answered, leaning heavily on his cane for a moment. Then, as he settled into his chair before the grate: "Now go and have a pleasant New Year's Day with your people. Everything will be all right."

"It's not that I want to leave you, sir—"

"Marie, I have told you to go. Have friends while you are young and can enjoy them. We grow old quickly enough."

"You are sure you will not be lonely?"

"I shall not be lonely. I am used to loneliness."

"Really, sir, I had rather stay. I shan't enjoy myself for thinking of you here alone."

"Nonsense, Marie! Here I have this nice, warm fire. I do not mind. Perhaps my daughter and her family will come to see me. They said Christmas that they would try to get down on New Year's."

"Perhaps they will, sir. I shouldn't be surprised." She carefully adjusted a lap robe about him. "Good-by, then, sir. And a happy New Year."

"A happy New Year, Marie." The door closed behind her, and the master of the house was left alone.

For a long time he sat brooding, his mind repeating over and over the final words. "Perhaps my daughter will come—I shouldn't be surprised—a happy New Year, Marie—a happy New Year—" The fire crackled, and a spark shot out on the hearthstone, but the old man still sat engrossed in his thoughts. Memories of his youth—adventures—romance—pressed upon him. Finally his mind went back to his daughter. There was her picture on the mantel. He knew it was there, even though his failing eyes could barely discern its shape. Perhaps if he could touch it he would not be so lonely. She looked so like her mother.



Holding tightly to the chair, and resting his weight on his cane, the old man rose, balanced himself, and took a few steps forward. Now he could reach the picture. He stretched out his arms, a little higher. His fingers touched the frame, but in that moment he lost his balance. To his dizzy senses it seemed the room wheeled around; he clutched at objects that always eluded his grasp. He half turned toward his chair, and in so doing he fell. "Evelyn," he called, the pitiful cry of helplessness. "Evelyn!"

The fire sputtered, and cast an unfelt warmth upon the prostrate man. Beneath his head the crumpled lap robe absorbed the thin trickle of blood. In his hand was clasped a picture of the woman who looked like her mother. But the man himself had entered upon the happiest New Year of all.

A car drew up at the curb outside and Evelyn Martin, her arms filled with presents, tripped daintily along the walk. She stepped upon the porch and shifted her bundles to open the door.

"Yoo-hoo, Daddy! Happy New Year!" She entered the firelit room.

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

KEEPING YOUR END UP

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

WE WERE taught very distinct moral lessons in the old readers which we used in the public schools when I was learning to read, and especially were these lessons emphasized without subtlety or suggestiveness in the texts which were given us to copy in our writing books. The fact that I cannot at this moment recall any one of them suggests that they did did not eat themselves into my memory very deeply. There was one story, however, which I still recall with some distinctness. Possibly it was the illustration which accompanied it which left its impress upon me. Two boys were carrying a heavy basket suspended from a pole which rested upon their shoulders. The cleverer of the two discovered that by pushing the basket nearer to his companion he lightened his own load. It was a laboratory experiment in physics and in fair dealing. The lesson as I recall was that everyone is under obligation, when he assumes a responsibility of any sort, to keep up his end of the load.

Most of us have a good many poles upon our shoulder, placed there by the society in which we move or the business in which we are engaged. Or possibly it might be more accurate to say that there are a good many baskets on the pole, one end of which we are helping to carry.

There are the schools in the town in which we live. Even though we are far beyond school age and may not have anyone in our family for whose education we are responsible, we would be very sorry not to have a good school system in our community. But here, I am sometimes afraid, we shove the basket over toward the end of the pole which the school board is supporting, or toward those who seem more closely concerned with school affairs and walk along carrying a very light weight of educational responsibility. We don't feel much call to keep up our end of the load.

There's the church, too. Of course we believe in the church, and we wouldn't live in a town without one. We are strong for it, all of us, but too often we let the women or those who seem to have nothing else to do look after the church. Maybe we chip in occasionally when the every-member canvass is on—maybe we feel too many other obligations pressing—but we are inclined to slip the basket toward the other end of the pole.

There is the political situation there is the failure of those in authority to enforce the laws. We don't like the way things are going, but we have elected officials to take charge of these matters—some of us at least voted at the last election—and it is their business to carry the load—so we push the basket slyly in their direction.

What a wonderful world it would be if every one would see to it that he kept his end up.

(©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

TAX NOTICE!

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Roads, and School purposes will be due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store on and after Dec. 10th. If paid on or before Jan'y 10, 1928, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

Office Hours:—9:00 to 11:00 a. m., and 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings, Saturdays and pay nights.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

DOG TAX NOTICE!

Dog Tax Licenses are now due and payable at my office without penalty until Jan'y 10th, 1928. After that date, a penalty of $2.00 will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

Shakespearean Relic

The lost original finale of "Hamlet," as produced by Shakespeare at court in 1603, was found in the year 1856.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 17th day of December A. D. 1927.

Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Belle Roy, Deceased.

Fitch R. Williams having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is Ordered, That the 18th day of January, A. D. 1928, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition;

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

Dr. B. J. BEUKER
Physician and Surgeon
Office second floor Kimball Blk., next to Peoples Bank.
Office Phone—158-J
Residence Phone—158-M
Office hours: 2:00 to 5:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

Hugh W. Dicken
Physician and Surgeon
East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128
Office Hours:
11:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

Office Equipped With X-Ray
Dr. G. W. Bechtold
DENTIST
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223

L. R. HARDY
PALMER GRADUATE
Chiropractor
FOR APPOINTMENT CALL
Residence Phone —261-F13,
Boyne City.

R. G. Watson
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
244 Phones 66
MONUMENTS
EAST JORDAN

Frank Phillips
TONSORIAL ARTIST
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

WHITE STAR RESTAURANT
331 Main St., E. Jordan
THE HOME OF GOOD EATS
Open Day and Night.
E. W. GILES & SONS

WE HAVE FOR SALE
Apples
LOOK US UP. PHONE 116
A. L. Darbee
405 Second St., East Jordan.

A GOOD THING—DON'T MISS IT.

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., Sheffield and George Sts., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a trail bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup (spasmodic), tickling throat; also a trail packet each of Foley Pills, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, and Foley Cathartic Tablets for constipation, biliousness, and sick headache. These reliable remedies have helped millions.—Hites Drug Store.

New Year's Plans

With the dawning of another New Year comes the renewing of hopes and ambitions and making of plans for a happier and more successful year than the one just past.

Your plans will not be complete unless you make provisions for a definite and regular scheme of saving.

If you saved last year, save more during the coming year. If you did not save last year, stop at this bank and get a pass book then deposit something on your account every week.

Start a systematic savings account at this safe State Bank. Accumulate for your needs.

PEOPLES STATE SAFETY 74-328 SERVICE SAVINGS BANK

"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

Briefs of the Week

David Whiteford was home from Flint over Christmas.

James Gleason is home from Grand Rapids for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. John Porter and daughter are visiting friends in Grand Rapids.

Regular meeting of Mark Chapter No. 275, O. E. S., Friday night, Jan. 6th.

Emil Hegerberg, who is teaching at Brown City, Mich., was home for the Xmas holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter and family spent Christmas with her sister at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Marian McKeage of Ashley, Mich., was home this week to visit her mother, Mrs. Robert Grossett.

Miss Doris Fuller was home from Ann Arbor to spend Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fuller.

Dance at K. P. Hall this Saturday night, Dec. 31st. Ladies Free. Jos. Kenny, Mgr. adv.

Miss Doris Hayden was home for the Xmas vacation from Detroit to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hayden.

Andrew Franseth was called to Royal Oak last Friday, where his daughter, Miss Jennie Franseth was badly injured in a car accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Seaton and Mr. and Mrs. Gill of Altona were here over Xmas to visit Mrs. Seaton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Deshane.

Mrs. Blanche Richards with daughters, Mrs. Ralph Hodgkinson and Winnifred Richards are spending the holidays with relatives in Chicago.

Miss May L. Stewart of Oshkosh, Wis., and Miss Aurora Stewart of Detroit are home to spend the holidays with their mother, Mrs. W. R. Stewart.

Mrs. R. O. Bisbee and children of Jackson, and Mrs. Esther Bliss and son, of Buffala, N. Y., are here for a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Creswell, who have operated the Eff an Dee Variety store here for the past few years, closed the store last week and left for Sylvania, Ohio.

Those who are home from their studies at Ferris Institute, Big Rapids are:—Dorothy Joynt, Isabelle Lintner, Fern Gidley, Lydia Beyer, Olga Schultz, and Gregory Boswell.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Sedgman, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hanneman of Flint, and Mrs. Jennie Cole of Detroit were here to spend Xmas with their mother, Mrs. Alice Sedgman.

I can test your eyes and fit you with glasses, also give you any kind of frame you may desire. Call and see the latest in popular style frames. Prices reasonable. Dr. F. P. Ramsey. adv.

The East Jordan K. P. Basketball team will play the Saginaw Triangles here this Friday night, Dec. 30th at the H. S. Gym., beginning at 7:30. If you want to see a fast game, be sure and come. adv.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman left latter part of last week to spend Xmas with her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Arnold at Bates. From there she will go to Detroit to spend the winter with her daughter, Miss Eva Waterman.

Arthur Cook, of Traverse City, was struck by a car last week while on his way home from school, and badly injured. He was carrying a pencil in his mouth when hit and the pencil was driven deep into his throat. His companion, Delton Burrows received a fractured skull.

A number of friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tate last Thuraday night and spent a very enjoyable evening by playing progressive pedro. Mrs. R. DeMayo won first prize and Mrs. Marion Hudkins second. Refreshments were served, after which Mr. Tate treated the crowd with a new kind of cream candy.

Albert S. Churchill, aged 66, a former resident of East Jordan, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hice in Kalamazoo, Monday, Dec. 26th, following a lingering illness from heart and Bright's disease. Funeral services were held in that city, Tuesday, and the remains were brought to East Jordan Wednesday and interment took place in Sunset Hill, Thursday morning. Services at the grave were conducted by Rev. Sidebotham. Further details will be published next week.

A bold buck deer, enraged by what it apparently thought was an attempt to attack its mate, turned on an automobile driven by John Larson, Jr., on a road near White Cloud and fought it until John, startled by the sudden appearance of the animal out of the mist, jerked the machine to a sudden stop and hot water spouted out of the radiator. Aroused by the water the buck whistled and dug his fore feet into the radiator, looked to see if the doe was out of sight and then trotted off.

Miss Aura McBride is home from Martin for the holidays.

Henry E. Sheldon is reported very ill at his home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Swafford spent Christmas with friends at Petoskey.

Miss Dorothy Webster is home for a visit from her studies at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Marjorie Mackey is home for the holidays from her studies at Milwaukee, Wis.

Next year will be a good year for East Jordan if the people here make it a good year.

Miss Ruth Gregory who is teaching at Hamtramck, Mich., is home for the holiday vacation.

Miss Dorothy Kitsman who is teaching at Shepherd, is home for the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Freeman, who have been up across the Straits, returned home, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteford of Traverse City spent Xmas here with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cummins spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. R. A. Harrington and family at Flint.

R. Best spent Christmas with relatives at Kalamazoo and Greenville. His daughter, Dorothy, accompanied him home from Greenville to spend a few days here.

The Cheboygan Democrat, a weekly paper published at Cheboygan for many years by Al. H. Weber, has changed its name to the "Cheboygan Observer." The name was suggested by a Michigan newspaper man because of the popular department Editor Weber has so long carried under the title of "Observations." The Democrat was established 48 years ago by Forsythe and Bunnell. The first edition under the new name appears in Christmas decorations.

A "Homey," Friendly Bank
Under State Supervision.

Founded on Security. STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN Built by Service.

May the New Year Bring You

health and happiness; the will to do what you most desire and the strength to do it. May every day find sunshine in your heart or the patience to wait until the sun shines again. And may each bring you, in turn, a little closer to the goal of your ambition.

This is our wish for you in 1928 and if, in any way, we can assist in making it come true, we shall consider such an opportunity to be the highest possible privilege.

State Bank of East Jordan

"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"
"Strength and Ability
Plus the Willingness to Serve."

Picts and Scots

In his Dictionary of Phrases and Fables, the learned Rev. Dr. E. Cobham Brewer writes upon Picts and Scots: "Pict is not the Latin pict (painted people). As Picts and Scots are always mentioned together, there is no reason why one name should be Latin and the other Gaelic. Scot is the Gaelic's god (a dweller in woods and forests), and Pict is the Gaelic pist-ist (freebooter), the two being equivalent to foresters and freebooters."

GOOD REMEDY FOR BAD COUGH

"A hard persistent wearing cough kept me awake for several nights, and when my druggist recommended Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, I was eager to try it. In less than two days, my cough was entirely gone," says this satisfied user from Nebraska. No opiates, no chloroform, a really valuable remedy for coughs, colds, throat and bronchial irritations. Accept no substitute for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Get the genuine.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Writes to Beethoven

A letter addressed to the composer Beethoven was received in Vienna the other day from a woman in the provinces. She wrote she had recently heard some of his music and was anxious to place her daughter under his tuition. The postal authorities delivered the letter at the house in which Beethoven lived and where he died 92 years ago. The concierge said no such man resided there, so the postman sent it to the dead letter office.

Vera Cruz

Vera Cruz has the unique record of having been twice captured by American forces, once in 1846 when we were at war with Mexico, and again in 1917, when we were not at war with Mexico. However, all we seem to do with it after we get it is to give it back again, so its citizens probably feel little worried at the vicissitudes of war. Indeed, they have recently raised a statue in honor of the noble defenders of Vera Cruz against the gringoes, which shows that they feel they are adequately protected.

Old-Time Court Costume

A court lady in the time of Queen Elizabeth wore a low dress with a long stomacher, an immense ruffle around her neck, a small hat, crinoline, a large fan of ostrich feathers with a mirror attached, highly scented gloves, and frequently a velvet mask. Her feet were shod with pumps of scented Spanish leather, her hair was dyed red in imitation of the royal locks, and her face was painted and rouged.

Why, Indeed

A boy of eight was dining with his father at a hotel where the manners of the guests were not remarkable for their elegance. Soon after they had seated themselves at the table, the youngster piped up with, "Daddy, why do all the men say 'whoop' to their soup?"

Chinese New Year

On the occasion of the new year the Chinese exchange the greeting, "Kung Hai Fat Tsoy," meaning "Congratulations; may you collect wealth." The word "tsing," meaning "hall," is repeated by them numerous times. During the celebration of the new year all secret societies and guilds, whose rivalry is often very bitter, declare a "Truce of the Gods," when no man may attack his brother. This is generally respected by both the hunter and the hunted, who are glad of a relief.

Work Hard; Don't Worry

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is beautiful; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

TEMPLE THEATRE
—PRESENTS—

SATURDAY - - - Dec. 31
Harry Langdon In
"THREE'S A CROWD"
A sympathetic story told in Comedy.
Mack Sennett Comedy College Kiddo.
Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY - - Jan. 1-2
— NEW YEAR'S SPECIAL —
Jack Mulhall, Glenn Tryon and Charles Murray In
"THE POOR NUT"
Cyclonic campus capers of college cuckoos and classy co-eds.
Pathe Review **Pathe News**
Admission—10c and 35c

TUESDAY, Jan. 3 - - Family Night
2 for 1 with Merchant Tickets.
"THE WRECK"
A thrilling drama of life.
Chapter 2—"THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY."
Admission—10c and 25c

WED. THURS. FRI. - - Jan. 4-5-6
LON CHANEY In
"MOCKERY"
Chaney always different—now portrayed as a helpless Russian Peasant.
Pathe News.
Admission—10c and 25c

News of the Churches

Presbyterian Church
C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.
C. R. Harper, Foreign Pastor.
"A Church for Folks."

Sunday, January 1, 1928.
10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship. Communion Service.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Evening Service.

Next Thursday evening is the annual meeting of the Church. There will be the annual reports of the various organizations of the church and the election of officers.

First M. E. Church
Victor J. Hufton, Pastor.

NEW YEAR'S MOTTO

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at each moment without anxiety, according to the strength He shall give me, the work that His providence assigns me. I will leave the rest without concern; it is not my affair. I ought to consider the duty to which I am called each day as the work that God has given me to do, and to apply myself to it in a manner worthy of His glory—that is to say, with exactness and in peace.—Fenelon.

Sunday, January 1, 1928.
10:00 a. m.—Morning Service. Communion Service.
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship

Church of God

Central Standard Time
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, Thursday, at 7:00 p. m.

Latter Day Saints Church
Arthur E. Stark, Pastor.

9:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
10:10 a. m.—Social Service.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
7:00 p. m., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.
7:00 p. m., Friday—Religo.
All are welcome to attend these services.

Pilgrim Holiness Church
Rev. B. E. Manker, Pastor.

Fast Time
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
8:00 p. m.—General Service.
8:00 p. m., Friday night—Prayer Meeting.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.



We Are Busy Inventorying

But if you did not get everything you wanted for Christmas, or a belated present for any one, we will be glad to stop working long enough to help you. At the first of the year 1928 we will be ready for regular business.

WISHING YOU ALL
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN

Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co.
WNU Service

(Continued From Third Page)

though not at once signing the paper. "And if I fail at Hollywood, I'll marry one of your sons and then my husband can pay back to you this loan—"

"One of my sons! I've only one son who'd be fool enough to give you the chance, young woman!"

"But Mr. Creighton," she asked in genuine curiosity, "how did you find out about us? Did St. Croix talk in his sleep?"

Mr. Creighton stared at her. Now why, he wondered, was she putting up a bluff like that?—pretending it was St. Croix!

"St. Croix!" he repeated, with a laugh. "Don't waste your talents. Miss Schwenckton, trying to deceive



"And If I Fail at Hollywood, I'll Marry One of Your Sons and Then My Husband Can Pay Back to You This Loan."

me! My son, St. Croix, will never cause me a moment's anxiety as to his choice of a wife!"

"A wife!" she breathed. "My—goodness! What's all this about, anyway?"

"I'm sure you know quite well what it's all about."

"If it's not about St. Croix, I don't!"

She looked so sincerely puzzled and astonished that for an instant he believed her—almost.

But only for an instant. "I'll never have to pay any girl five thousand dollars to keep St. Croix from marrying her!" he repeated.

"But—but," she faltered, "if it's Marvin you've been talking about—do you mean Marvin? But you can't possibly—but what on earth makes you think Marvin wants to—" She pulled herself up with a jerk; if she were not careful he would realize that there was no least need for his paying her that bribe! "Oh, if it's Marvin you mean," she rattled on, "then I'll reconsider! I don't think I can sign away Marvin! Or, if I do, that'll really cost you something! Marvin is really worth something!"

"You're mistaken. He's worth the puny salary he makes—fifty-six hundred dollars a year. Not a dollar more."

"I know—I didn't mean that kind of worth. I meant human worth. I wouldn't, however, get money from you, Mr. Creighton, on false pretenses. I really have my doubts whether Marvin would want a wife who could not tell how many states there are in his country. *Do you think he would?*"

"I'll tell you what sort of a wife Marvin wouldn't want when you've signed that paper."

Without a moment's hesitation she took up her pen and affixed her name, "Amelia Schwenckton," to the statement that she gave up all claims of every description upon the son of Mr. Creighton.

"How unbusiness-like you are!" he said as he received the paper from her hands and tucked it into his breast pocket, "to sign this and give it over to me before I have given you my check.

(To Be Continued)

Ireland's Prized Volume

The Book of Kells is a beautifully executed manuscript copy of the Gospels, dating from the Sixth or Seventh century. It is preserved in Trinity college, Dublin.

The Sandman Story



By Martha Martin

TWO DEVOTED WOLVES

"I HAVE looked for some time for a nice place, and I think I have found it now," said Mrs. Wolf.

"I looked at a good many. In fact, I almost set up housekeeping in several and cleaned the dens out, but I didn't like them finally. I thought I could get a nicer home."

"Ah, Mrs. Wolf," said Mr. Wolf, "this is beautiful. This is a perfect home. And how lovely this weather is."

"Dear Mr. Wolf, would anyone imagine that the wild and dangerous and blood-thirsty wolf would talk about the weather," Mrs. Wolf chuckled.

"Ah, they don't know," said Mr. Wolf. "They do not know how we are when we are at home. We love each other so.

"We whisper all sorts of little nothings to each other, though to us they are not 'nothings.' They're 'somethings' of great importance.

"Yes, this home is perfect. Well,



"And How Lovely This Weather Is," Said Mr. Wolf.

Mrs. Wolf, I had a dangerous time not long ago. I thought I was caught."

"Ah, don't tell me that," said Mrs. Wolf.

"But you need not worry now," said Mr. Wolf, "for you see that I am here, all safe and sound."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Wolf, "but I cannot bear to think that you have been exposed to danger."

"But you have escaped! Yes, you have escaped, and you will be more careful in the future?"

"I am careful," said Mr. Wolf, "but I will be even more careful. I had been hunting and having a little meal and was taking a nap away from the hunting ground—but not far enough away. For an old hunter came after me and almost would have had me.

"But the wind was in the right direction so I could get a whiff of the human being coming toward me."

"Oh, Mr. Wolf, what a narrow escape. And how thankful I am it was an escape!

"I wish I could give the wind a present to show my gratitude, but the wind isn't the kind of a creature or a thing to whom one can give a present.

"But I am grateful, oh, so grateful," Mrs. Wolf said.

"Yes," Mr. Wolf continued, "we want to be safe, for we only have each other."

At that, tears came in Mrs. Wolf's eyes.

"There, there," he said, "there will be other little wolves, and I am happy, for we have each other. That means everything, Mrs. Wolf."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Wolf, that means everything, and, dear mate, you are so good to me.

"How well I remember, too, when there were the dear little wolf babies—three darling babies there were last spring. And after they were born and I was so afraid that something would happen to them, you kept us supplied with food so that I did not have to leave them.

"But oh, Mr. Wolf, for the longest time I thought every time I came back to the den that somehow or other I would find my babies. Again and again I looked for them—after they had been killed and taken away.

"Oh, dear, how sad it was. They were never there. And then we stood it for as long as we could, and now we have another den.

"Yes, and we have a fine hill from which we can see what is going on.

"And we will be happy, and there will be other little wolves," Mrs. Wolf said.

"But best of all, Mr. Wolf, there is my dear mate."

And then she laughed.

"How strangely our talk would sound to people. They do not know that wolves are different at home from when they see them.

"And after all I think it is better to be nice in the home than outside it. At any rate that is what you think, and it is what I think, for we are two devoted wolves."

"Two devoted wolves is what we are," said Mr. Wolf as he patted Mrs. Wolf on the shoulder and looked at her out of his eyes which now were very loving and affectionate.

(Copyright.)

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

WHEN you find mushrooms twenty cents a pound you immediately imagine they musta been left over. And gen'rally they was.

Many a woman that you think would know better, goes around nursin' envy.

The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is apt to be in jazz time.

FOR THE GANDER—

The highest wisdom has got a little foolishness mixed up in it.

A poor, smart kid slaves away all his young years makin' money that a rich old fool spends.

Some guys has got such luck that if they was to inherit an undertakin' business, somebody'd discover an antidote for death.

(Copyright.)

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



WHERE DO FLIES SPEND THE WINTER?

They find queer hiding places
And sleep the winter long,
Until the spring sun wakens them
To sing their buzzing song.

(Copyright.)

Women as Pitchers

Take nothing for granted, O love-sick Romeo! She who throws a kiss today may throw a platter tomorrow. —Farm and Fireside.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

SPOTS IN FINGER NAILS

SOMETIMES upon examining your finger nails you will see a little white spot which, as the nail grows, moves slowly toward the finger's end. The superstitious will tell you that the little, white spot means money coming to you, due to arrive when the white spot reaches the end of the nail—a very common superstition.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) mentions it as being very ancient in his day and ascribes its origin to the tendency which people have to consider any bodily symptom which they do not understand as a prophecy. The "British Apollo" in 1708 published a learned article scoffing at the superstitution and explaining that the white spots in the nails were "glittering particles," generally mixed with the red particles of the blood, but which had happened to get loose. Medical science was evidently badly equipped to battle with superstition in those days.

But the superstition in question dated away back into the primitive ages when man's hair and nails, living and growing parts of himself, were held to be peculiarly connected with his destiny. A white spot slowly advancing up the nail must mean something; as the spot was white the "something" was probably good. As time passed and man began to use currency the good was conjectured to be money. A regular cult grew up of divination by the finger nails under the name of onychomancy and as we know from Plautus, the educated Roman of 2,000 years ago watched the spots on his nails with the same interest as the most superstitious Yankee of today.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Rebuke That Stung

It is related that a certain man, who apparently didn't like Buddha, came up to him and called him a lot of very ugly names. Buddha listened quietly until his reviler had quite run out of epithets, and then said to him:

"If you offer something to a man, and he refuses it, to whom, then, does it belong?"

The man replied: "It belongs, I suppose to the one who offered it."

Buddha said: "The abuse and vile names you offer me, I refuse to accept."—From The Outlook.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

FOR THE CITY OF EAST JORDAN
FOR THE MONTH OF NOV. 1927.

GENERAL FUND
RECEIPTS

November		
1	Balance on hand	$12061.35
	City Clerk	27.75
	City Taxes	368.55
	Total	$12,457.65

DISBURSEMENTS

November		
	John Ter Wee	50.00
	Jno. F. Kenny	26.55
	Henry Cook	100.00
	Mike Lintner	16.00
	G. A. Lisk	17.50
	Otis J. Smith	35.00
	Grace E. Boswell	60.00
	Peoples State Sav. Bank	559.50
	Elec. Light Co.	22.00
	E. J. Iron Works	.35
	E. J. Hose Co.	16.00
	Reid-Sherman	1.92
	Union Paint & Var. Co.	36.00
	E. J. Lbr. Co.	7.25
	Co-op. Ass'n	5.70
	R. G. Proctor	180.83
	Mich. Bell Tel. Co.	4.25
	Howard Cook	6.05
	City Treas.	92.25
	Wm. Prause	13.50
	J. W. LaLonde	1.61
	Hite Drug Co.	1.07
	Wm. Taylor	9.38
	Geo. A. Bell	.53
	Mich. Bell Tel. Co.	5.28
	Bert Lorraine	8.00
	Co. of Charlevoix	62.83
	Hite Drug Co.	2.60
30	Balance on hand	11,165.70
	Total	$12,457.65

STREET AND SEWER FUND
RECEIPTS

November		
	City Clerk	$ 454.25
	School Dist. No. 4	688.33
30	Overdrawn	522.27
	Total	$ 1,664.85

DISBURSEMENTS

November		
1	Overdrawn	$ 711.33
	Jno. F. Kenny	1.00
	Reid & Sherman	619.15
	Wm. Prause	21.00
	Chas. Shedina	3.00
	Lakeside Garage	27.55
	Northern Auto Co.	55.00
	Chas. F. Strehl	2.00
	E. J. Lbr. Co.	6.00
	Co-op. Ass'n	17.96
	City Treasurer	74.91
	County of Charlevoix	120.95
	Ed. Mathers	2.45
	Standard Oil Co.	2.55
	Total	$ 1,664.85

WATER WORKS FUND
RECEIPTS

November		
	Water Taxes	$ 864.14
	City Clerk	1.50
30	Overdrawn	1,402.93
	Total	$ 2,268.57

DISBURSEMENTS

November		
1	Overdrawn	$ 2,047.19
	Henry Cook	25.00
	Elec. Light Co.	176.05
	Reid & Sherman	1.00
	Howard Cook	5.08
	John Olson	3.25
	Mike Lintner	3.50
	City Treasurer	7.50
	Total	$ 2,268.57

BRIDGE FUND
RECEIPTS

November		
30	Overdrawn	$ 1,639.77
	Total	$ 1,639.77

DISBURSEMENTS

November		
1	Overdrawn	$ 1,638.77
	Jno. F. Kenny	1.00
	Total	$ 1,639.77

CEMETERY FUND
RECEIPTS

November		
1	Balance on hand	$ 37.39
	City Clerk	31.50
	Total	$ 68.89

DISBURSEMENTS

November		
	M. W. Sparks	$ 20.40
30	Balance on hand	48.49
	Total	$ 68.89

RECAPITULATION

Balance	
General Fund	$11,165.70
Cemetery Fund	48.49
Total	$11,214.19
Overdrawn	
Street Fund	$ 522.27
Water Works Fund	1,402.93
Bridge Fund	1639.77
Total	$ 3,564.97
	$11,214.19
Less Overdrafts	3564.97
Total	$ 7649.22
Outstanding Orders	260.78
Cash on hand at end of the month	$ 7,910.00

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

Dolores Costello



This is the latest portrait of charming Dolores Costello, the featured motion picture player in the picture entitled "The College Widow."

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

OBJECTIVES

IN NEARLY all the recent distressing cases of suicide among boys and young men, the suicides have been without any definite objectives in life.

Not knowing where they were going, it seemed to them useless to go anywhere.

Their minds were not occupied with the steady, systematic effort to do some one thing well.

So they brooded over the futility of existence, till their reason went awry and they found what to their disordered imaginations seemed the only way out.

One of the most important duties of teachers, leaders and directors is to interest young men in some definite aim in life.

For those who come into the world specially fitted for art or engineering or any other specific calling, this will not be necessary.

But the average boy has no special talent, or if he has he doesn't find it till his education is over.

He turns from this pursuit to that, and none of them interest him.

* * *

I know that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to discover what will interest young men sufficiently to make it the dominant thing in their lives.

But recent advances in the science of psychology have been helpful in this pursuit, and it will be furthered when teachers discover that their mission in life is not to pity their pupils for their natural lack of book lore, but to *try to understand them*, and help to encourage their aspirations.

The teaching profession is now excellently equipped to make education easy for the studious, but it has much to learn about how to make it interesting for the average mind.

If every teacher would read and think about how to inspire boys and girls with definite objectives—to give them something to do that would keep their minds too busy to brood, there would be fewer epidemics of self-destruction among young people

* * *

On farms where boys are kept busy, even though the work is uninteresting, they seldom are suicidally inclined.

It is only when life becomes complicated, when there are so many distractions that it is hard to concentrate or a definite and purposeful line of action that introspection begins to sow its dangerous seeds.

Hard work is not enough. But hard and purposeful work, with a definite objective can soon put into the shade all neurotic notions and send young men on the road which, if it does not lead to fame and fortune, at least will lead to useful achievement, and to fully as much happiness as the fortunate and famous usually enjoy.

(Copyright.)



(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Naval Academy Cage Star



The photograph shows Midshipman H. W. Bauer of Holdridge, Neb., who is playing a splendid game at center for the Naval academy basket ball squad.

Never Alone

The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone.—Joseph Addison.